cruel fate carried off his younger son, Herbert, at the opening of a most promising manhood. For several years during the '90's his household gods were at Pocantico Hills. He became so fond of his spacious and well-stocked library, of the bracing air and picturesque scenery of this region, that he almost rid himself of the fascination that close contact with public aifairs and busy intellectual persons had over him. Later his home for several years was in East Sixty-fourth Street. From there, in 1902, he moved to a house in East Ninety-first Street, next but one to the residence of his warm friend Andrew Carnegie. There he lived, when in the city, during the remainder of his days. For several of his last years he passed the bleakest months in Augusta, Georgia, and his summers were always spent on the heights above Bolton Landing, Lake George, within speaking distance of the dearest of all his life-long friends, Dr. Jacobi, and in a neighborhood of New York German-Americans, who regarded him as a patron-saint and for each of whom he had almost paternal affection.

The seriousness of all his public utterances caused a popular notion that he was a man of stern and unsympathetic temperament, devoid of humor and indifferent to social pleasures. This was altogether erroneous- The very birds that sang as he took his favorite forest-walks were hardly more lighthearted than he. In the family circle or among relatives and intimate friends he overflowed with humor.

Pleasantries on all sorts of subjects, serious and trifling, the latest bit of amusing news, tales of laughable experiences or dreams, gentle irony and exaggeration, and an insatiable fondness for the ridiculous were conspicuous during his leisure. Whoever sat quite informally at his table cannot forget his mellow laugh, and how naturally and unpretentiously he told his anecdotes, indulged in playful jests and joined in the amusement they oc~